

She hides a secret; she will not share

She shared her Small white house
On Cambridge creek

She shared her crabs and cherry wine
on hot summer nights
While sitting in her Grandmothers
Old white rocking chairs
On her, back porch
Overlooking Cambridge Creek

However, she hides a secret
She will not share

She shared her Old Ford pickup truck
to go driving' round Dorchester County

She shared her life and her heart

However, her secret; she will not share

We have sailed together
Through many cold breezy, summer days

She led me down paths of love
on cool summer nights with her tender kisses
While looking up at me
with her big charming eyes she would say

I well share my Body and soul with you
However, about my night on suicide Bridge
I cannot share

Barry Wyatt Jr.
My songs are my prayers
Linking my songs together creates my life story